

Holiest by Quyinn

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Billy Is A Slut, Bottom Billy Hargrove, Friends With Benefits, M/M, Oral Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Praise Kink, Steve likes it

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-01

Updated: 2021-07-01

Packaged: 2022-03-31 12:47:15

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,918

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"What's a nice place like you doing in a boy like this?"

Steve sighs, head rolling on the headrest to look up at Hargrove. His palms are flattened on the hood of the Beamer.

"It's the quarry." Steve waves a lazy hand in front of him. "Literally anyone can come here."

"C'mon, Harrington. You're really ruining the vibe I'm tryna create here."

Holiest

Steve's never been, like, *healthy*.

When he was small, he had Anna bringing the weekly shop and encouraging him to have apple slices and steamed broccoli. She played hide and seek before she went home and took him to the park on tuesday afternoons.

When he got to, maybe, 14, Steve can't really remember. He was definitely old enough to patch up his own scabbed knees and use the washer, his parents stopped Anna from visiting. The groceries stopped getting delivered and money started funneling into Steve's account. It was an easy, simple step for him to end up buying candy and premade meals and fill the empty house with the rustle of popcorn packets.

Steve hasn't been healthy in a long time. Far before he found Barbara Holland had died in his pool and he started lying to himself, not necessarily in that order.

Far before sweet, perfect Nancy broke up with him, confessions and bullshit spilling like fruit punch on white sweaters.

And far, far before he had new kid California on his knees, nose pressing against the soft hairs at the base of Steve's dick.

There's blood running down Hargrove's chin from the split on his plush bottom lip. Steve had reopened it when he slammed Hargrove's smarmy face into the gym lockers.

It's not like he makes a habit of getting into fights in the changing rooms but Steve can't really remember who started it this time.

Hargrove was on him on the court. He might as well have completely ignored the basketball, preferring to crowd up against Steve's back, batting the ball away with the palm of his hand. Steve could feel Hargrove's breath on the side of his face, feel the heat from his stupid fucking smirk whenever the boy licked over his teeth.

Hargrove inhales jaggedly, laughing as he licks up the crease of Steve's thigh.

"King Steve doesn't really last long, huh?" Hargrove hums, almost delicately running his tongue over the reddened head of Steve's spent cock.

"So says the kid that's been here two weeks and is already the resident whore." Steve's hips stutter and he yanks Hargrove up by a fist full of his sunbleached curls.

"Jealous, sweetheart?" Hargrove croons, a little breathless and a little mean as Steve shoves him into the lockers. Steve keeps Hargrove's head turned at an uncomfortable angle just to hear him hiss through bloody teeth.

"Of what?" Steve tucks himself back into his jeans with one hand, nudging Hargrove's legs further apart with a bare foot. He grins when the boy complies. "Oh. Did you want a hand?"

Steve looks down at Hargrove's cock as it strains against the material of his boxers, playing up as if he forgot about it. Hargrove's eyes roll back into his a little and he groans, as if Steve hadn't noticed the way Hargrove was rutting against his shin for the past 20 minutes.

"Quit being a fuckin' bastard." Hargrove growls, popping his cock out with one hand, the other reaching for Steve's hip. His nails cut crescents as he squeezes, thick fingers wrapping around himself.

There's blood welling up in the stretch of Hargrove's lip and it's dripping down his chin in a thin line. It should be disgusting, like the tar of a cigarette. Steve ducks forward to lick up Hargrove's throat to his bottom lip.

He breathes in deep at the hinge of Hargrove's jaw, nipping at his ear as he knocks his hand away from his dick. Steve strokes him with long fingers, rough, dry jerks and he smiles when Hargrove hisses in discomfort, nails digging in harder against Steve's hipbone.

"Harrington-"

"Shut the fuck up." Steve interrupts the snarl, giving Hargrove's hair a

tug.

"Jesus- fuckin' alright then." Hargrove grits his teeth, hips canting to chase Steve's hand. Steve chuckles through his nose.

Hargrove's chest is tanned and defined, Steve drags his teeth over the jut of collarbone. He tastes like sweat and Steve's bar of soap (that he took out of Steve's hands half an hour ago. Belatedly, Steve wonders if that's how they started arguing), and goosebumps have broken out over his skin.

"As pretty as you are, Princess," Hargrove laughs weakly, breath coming in pants, "If you're gona leave marks, keep them below the collar, yeah?"

That makes sense, Steve considers, working his hand faster over the thick length of Hargrove's cock. What doesn't make sense is why Steve would leave any marks regardless. Why did Steve want to?

Steve's never been, like, *healthy*. Sure, he used to go on morning runs, and drank a decent amount of water a day, but he hasn't slept more than 3 hours a night in a year and he's not always the best at ideas.

Hargrove's making these punched out gasping sounds, hips twitching. Steve sinks his teeth into the meat of Hargrove's shoulder, pulling his hair tighter as Hargrove cums over Steve's hand, splashing up his abdomen.

Steve's mouth tastes like metal and clean sweat.

Hargrove's damp hair smells a little like cigarette smoke.

He slips down the lockers a fraction, Steve barely supporting his weight with a sticky hand. Steve cups Hargrove's face with his clean hand and wipes away the thin trail of drool and remaining smear of blood, before guiding him to sit on the bench.

Steve leaves him leaning against the wall, head tipped back as he catches his breath, and washes his hands. He flicks the cold water at Hargrove instead of drying them.

There's a ring of red marks on his shoulder, blood welling over the

tanned skin. Steve feels a weird, probably sick, sense of pride in the way Hargrove barely hides a wince as he examines the marks with a twist of his arm.

"Need another shower, California?" Steve teases. Hargrove licks over his teeth slowly, running a finger through the cooling cum on his stomach. Steve watches him suck his middle finger into his mouth, humming appreciatively at the taste of himself.

"You just can't get enough of me, can ya, Pretty boy?" Hargrove dips his finger back into the cum, crooking it at Steve. "C'mon, sweetheart. Bet you look stunnin' when you're suckin' down on somethin'."

Steve rolls his eyes and flips Hargrove off, pulling his shirt on from where it was discarded on the floor. It's a little damp in one corner.

He grabs Hargrove's shirt, a thin white t-shirt, and yanks it over the boy's head.

"Oi-" Hargrove starts to protest but Steve tugs it over his shoulders and presses it to his stomach, just to be an ass.

He laughs at the thunderous look on Hargrove's face, his brows knitted down. "Dickhead."

Hargrove slips his arms through the short sleeves, peering at the damp stain. He drags his palm under the shirt, gathering up the remains and gives Steve a wicked grin.

"Oh, fuck off." Steve can feel his eyes widen, taking a step back as Hargrove gets to his feet. "No, asshole." He tries for firm, but Hargrove's eyes glint with something gleeful.

He narrowly avoids Hargrove's tackle, barely containing an honest to god shriek as Hargrove manages to snag the waistband of his jeans with his free hand.

Steve shoves at his shoulders, trying to grab Hargrove's wrist but he's crowded up against the sinks, Hargrove's dirty hand wiping from Steve's collar to the hem of his shirt.

Hargrove laughs, something bright and open and Steve wants to be

angry. He ends up laughing too.

It's this deep laugh, gasping giggles straight from his stomach and Steve's sides end up burning. He leans heavily into Hargrove, sucking in desperate breaths. Hargrove holds him, strong hands on his elbows, and Steve's chest seizes unhealthily.

Even the first time Hargrove smirked up at Steve at that party, there was *something* about him that dug under Steve's skin. Like high cholesterol or heartburn- difficult to get rid of the lingering feeling. He doesn't think it was the sticky, damp trail of beer down his abs.

It certainly wasn't the way his hips twitched as he swaggered up to Steve, eyes a little hazy and full of fire.

It couldn't have been the way he felt Hargrove's eyes follow him as he left.

"What's a nice place like you doing in a boy like this?"

Steve sighs, head rolling on the headrest to look up at Hargrove. His palms are flattened on the hood of the Beamer.

"It's the quarry." Steve waves a lazy hand in front of him. "Literally anyone can come here."

Hargrove folds his arms on the half wound window. He tucks his chin against his forearm and looks up at Steve through long lashes.

"C'mon, Harrington." Hargrove pouts a little, cheeks hollowing. "You're really ruining the vibe I'm tryna create here."

"You're not a prostitute and I'm not paying you." Steve is tired. He's so tired, he can't stop thinking about the purse of Hargrove's lips and how warm and wet his mouth was. He sighs again. Louder.

Hargrove offers him the cigarette but Steve shakes his head slowly.

He doesn't smoke, a coerced promise to Dustin, but there's three slightly bent Marlboro's in his glovebox that his anxious, shaking

fingers want to reach for. The smoky wisps that are escaping Hargrove's mouth look tempting all the same.

His head hurts, ears ringing and his shoulders feel like they've been holding him upright for months without rest. Gods, he wants to *rest*. The last time Steve slept well was when Dustin insisted on a sleepover, Steve clinging to the edge of the bed, one arm numbed by Dustin's head on his bicep.

"That's fair." Hargrove grins. "Wana let me in?"

"Honestly? No." Steve pops the locks of the Beamer anyway.

"I brought bribes but I guess you're easy." Hargrove winks, wandering around to the passenger seat and pulling out a packet of skittles.

Steve rolls his eyes and holds out his hand.

Hargrove tips some candy into his palm before dicking around in the glovebox, flicking the interior light on to rifle through the cassette tapes.

"Jesus, *Duran Duran*? Phil Collins? Who are you?" Hargrove's nose scrunches up in disgust. He fingers over the wrapped tapes, clearly unopened.

"Oh- fuck you, California." Steve smacks him in the bicep and reaches into the box. He finds his homemade tape, one that he and Dustin spend hours meticulously creating in Will's room, and jams it in the player.

Hargrove makes a delighted sound and drums on his knees as some fuckin' *Metallica* song Will likes starts to fill the Beamer.

Steve drops the rest of his skittles into his mouth.

"Why're you out so late?" Steve asks, sinking in his seat a little. The Beamer mumbles something about *'the sound of hooves knocks at your door'* and Hargrove snorts, crushing a green skittle between his teeth.

"Sorry, *Mom*, did I miss curfew? What, is there something *spooky* in these woods?" Hargrove grins, candy shell stuck in his teeth.

"I just," Sighing, Steve lets his head roll on the headrest to face Hargrove. "Hawkins can get weird at night. Sometimes it doesn't feel safe."

"Oh." Hargrove contemplates, blowing smoke up to the roof. "Well, if you must know, I was coming back from fucking your mom over the kitchen island."

Steve snorts, betraying himself.

"Funny. They're not even home."

"Wait, really?" Hargrove's head whips around, curls clinging to his jaw. "Then who did I fuck in your kitchen?"

His blue eyes are blown wide, lips parted in shock, and Steve chokes on his skittles.

Hargrove flicks ash into the cupholder, looking pleased with himself, crow's feet around his eyes making him look almost happy.

"Hate to break it to you, man. You didn't get any tonight." Steve swallows his candy with a wheezing breath. Hargrove frowns, sucking in another lung full of smoke.

"Hmm. I better rectify that."

Then, like some goddamn movie scene, Hargrove reaches between Steve's knees to slide his chair back, and swings one thick thigh over Steve's lap.

Steve almost chokes on his candy again. He looks up at Hargrove, the way his cigarette clings to his bottom lip, the silhouette of the moonlight around the frizz of corkscrew curls, the easy way his hands fall on Steve's chest.

The way Billy's lip is scabbed over from the afternoon, the way his breath is warm and smells like toothpaste, the plushness of his mouth as he murmurs "You wana fuck me, Harrington?"

Steve's brain near- short circuits.

"That's probably too fast, huh?" Hargrove leans his weight back on his thighs but he doesn't look bothered. His hands drag down Steve's chest and he settles against the steering wheel.

"We- Shouldn't we talk about what happened at practice?"

"At practice? I kicked your ass across the court. *After* practice however..." Hargrove licks over his teeth. His eyes close and he tips his head back in thought. Steve tries not to fidget, his hands hovering over the waistband of Hargrove's jeans. "We had an excited little match of our own. Which, by the way, you lost. But I *really* enjoyed."

Steve has to scoff. He grabs Hargrove's hips, pulling the blond firmly onto his lap. His fingers slip under Hargrove's shirt, thumbs tucking into his waistband against warm skin.

"So, what? You suck me off one time and decide you want it in you?"

"Don't fuckin' flatter yourself, limp dick." Hargrove's lip curls in a snarl, stretching the scab there, but his cheeks tinge pink. "If you haven't noticed, the chicks in Bumfuck, Indiana are slim pickings."

"You a picky man, Hargrove?" Steve breathes.

He doesn't answer, just rolls his hips down against Steve's crotch.

Steve bites on a groan, head hitting the headrest as Hargrove chuckles low in his ear.

"C'mon, Stevie. You *have* done it before, right?" He blows a soft curl of smoke in the space between their lips.

"Do you ever shut the hell up?" Steve's proud of how steady his voice sounds. The memory of Nancy's pale skin, her dark hair and handfuls of soft skin doesn't belong in the tight confines of his jeans. Softness, *gentleness* doesn't belong in the stretch of Hargrove's neck. He helps guide Hargrove's hips in a slow rock, looking up at him through his lashes. Or, tries to, if the snort Hargrove doesn't even try to muffle is to go by.

"That's not an answer, Pretty boy. What, Miss Priss never gave it up? You more of a slut than Wheeler, huh? Do I need to buy you dinner

first? Be your date to prom?"

Steve brings a hand up to bury in Hargrove's hair. The blond chuckles, leaning into the sharp tug and hisses through his teeth. "C'mon, Harrington."

Steve says, "Fuck, okay." and puts his open mouth against Hargrove's throat.

Hargrove wriggles one hand in his back pocket, knuckles brushing Steve's thigh through the denim, and pulls out a couple of foil packets. His pulse jumps under Steve's tongue.

"Here, put these on your dick." Hargrove climbs out of the Beamer through the driver's side door, fingers already at his belt.

Steve's tongue feels too big for his mouth. His mouth tastes of sweat that isn't his and sour like aftershave, hands clumsy in the space Hargrove left on his lap. Cool air floods the Beamer and Steve suppresses a shiver as he shoves his jeans and underwear down to his knees.

Hargrove has his own jeans practically off. He uses Steve's shoulder for balance as he climbs back onto his lap, his back to Steve's chest, Beamer door slamming behind him.

"Jesus, Harrington. Come on." Hargrove bitches, spine flexing as he rolls his hips. His ass bumps Steve's cock and Steve tears the condom packet open with his teeth.

"Desperate?" Steve forces a chuckle, red cheeked and a little breathless, as he rolls the condom down. Hargrove grunts, knee slipping on the edge of the seat as he raises himself up enough to get his hand at the base of Steve's dick to line him up.

"Christ, you're like a girl." Steve says, awed.

He runs his fingers over Hargrove's rim as he tears the lube packet open. The skin is puffy and wet, little resistance when he presses the pad of his index finger in. "You stretched enough?" He wonders out loud.

He imagines Hargrove kneeling on his bed, or maybe one leg propped up in the bathroom, fingers sticky with lube. Steve wonders how many fingers he was able to stuff inside before it became too much.

"All this foreplay's turnin' me off, Harrington." Hargrove catches his eye in the rearview mirror, lips twisting into a leer. "Need instructions? A map?"

"Shut the hell up." Steve drizzles most of the lube over his dick, stretching his other arm up to clamp over Hargrove's mouth.

He pulls Hargrove against his chest, mushroom head of his cock pushing inside.

Hargrove's mouth opens against his palm, sucking in a breath through the slight gaps of Steve's fingers with a hiss. The soft hairs of his moustache tickles his skin. Steve guides Hargrove's hips down the length of himself until he's fully seated on Steve's cock.

Hargrove honest-to-God whines and it takes all of Steve's concentration not to cum there and then into the tight heat of his body.

Instead, Steve shushes him, hand firm over his mouth, and rubs one of Hargrove's shaking thighs. He feels along the sparse hairs leading down his belly, imagining the length of his cock, Hargrove's head pinned to his shoulder.

"You gona move? Or d'you want to spend all night sat on my cock?" Steve murmurs into Hargrove's ear. It isn't the side with the earring, so he nips the lobe, poking his tongue in his ear just to make him squirm. The wriggle of Hargrove's hips feels fucking fantastic.

Slowly, almost as if he's reluctant, Hargrove puts his weight on his knees and drags himself up Steve's dick. He wraps one of his hands around Steve's wrist, pressing Steve's palm tighter against his mouth.

Hargrove rocks his weight on Steve's lap, the muscles in his thighs bunching under Steve's hand. Steve stares, eyes transfixed on the drag and sink of his cock, the few inches Hargrove lets escape, hole clenching wetly around him.

Hargrove picks up a faster pace, muffled grunts against Steve's palm. He slips two fingers between Hargrove's lips and chokes on his own spit when Hargrove's tongue laves over them to the knuckle.

He says *"baby"* a little meanly, a little in awe, because Hargrove's sucking almost tentatively around the digits. His tongue is licking over the ridge of Steve's nail, fingertips bumping his molars. Steve presses his open mouth to the side of his neck.

Hargrove growls something in a muffled protest and gags around Steve's fingers. Heat pools in Steve's stomach as the blond's hips stutter. Chuckling, Steve smacks Hargrove's thigh, grasping his cock in lubed fingers. He whispers *"baby, baby, baby"* and blinks in surprise when Hargrove cums in thick ropes over his hand and steering wheel.

He wets his lips, opening his mouth to speak, but he catches Hargrove's eye in the rearview mirror.

His face is red, cheeks hot against Steve's palm and lips stretched and drool dripping down his chin. His eyes are shining. Ringed red, the blue irises bright around his blown out pupils.

So Steve lets go of his cock and holds onto his waist, encouraging him to keep moving.

He murmurs *"Hey, it's okay. You're so gorgeous. God, can you keep moving?"* and pulls his fingers from Hargrove's lips and drags them in a wet trail down his chest, through the cum on his stomach before pushing them back on his tongue. Hargrove's head lolls on his shoulder for a moment before he groans, Steve's fingers hooked on his teeth.

"Want to clean up?" Steve asks, quietly in his ear. He mouths at Hargrove's neck, thrusting his hips to meet Hargrove's in a slick snap.

Hargrove's thighs are shaking and Steve helps him hold his weight up so Steve can fuck up into him. His nails are cutting crescents into Hargrove's skin.

Hargrove nods his head weakly, making these punched out little grunting sounds as he pulls Steve's wrist to get his long fingers further on his tongue, lapping the cum coating his fingers.

"Shh, alright. Little bit longer. You- shit, you feel so good." Steve's skin is sticking to the seat with each thrust, lube squelching and dripping over the base of his dick.

Hargrove takes a shuddering breath through his nose. Steve presses his nose in the crook of Hargrove's sweaty neck, gritting his teeth as he spills inside his ass. Hargrove lets his thighs give out, slumping against Steve's chest.

"Not bad, limp dick." Hargrove says, a little weak, a little mean around the tips of Steve's fingers. Steve smacks his palm over Hargrove's mouth, smoothing his curls away from his face with his other hand.

"Mm. Warm." Steve sighs into Hargrove's neck, ignoring the way the blond's teeth are bared and trying to bite at his palm.

After a few stretched out moments, the air cooling their skin, Hargrove pinches his hip. Steve hisses through his teeth when Hargrove lifts off his dick and pulls on his jeans, sitting back on Steve's thigh to lace his boots up.

"You don't mess around, do you?" Steve pulls off and ties the condom, slinging it in the cupholder. He helps Hargrove balance as he reaches by the gas pedal for his shirt.

Steve buckles Hargrove's belt, scratching over the soft skin of his stomach.

"M' not trying to make you think I like you, Harrington."

"You brought me candy." Steve grins up at him. He reaches over to Hargrove's leather jacket to pull out the rest of the packet, tipping a few leftover red ones into his mouth. "And you wanted me to fuck you. People often fuck someone they hate in California?"

"Just 'cus I wana fuck you doesn't mean I like you. Maybe I like your little limp dick." Hargrove runs his index finger down the length of

Steve's softened cock where it lays soft against his stomach at that, cooing around a smirk.

Steve chews on his candy, bucking his hips up to pull his jeans over his ass. Hargrove makes a low sound in the back of his throat, planting a hand on the Beamer's ceiling as he's jostled.

"Pass my jacket, I'm going home."

"Can I drive you?"

"Fuck off. *Can I drive you.* Jesus." Hargrove's nose scrunches in a sneer, reaching for his own jacket. Steve holds his hips down flush to his own, hooking his fingers in his belt loops.

"Let me drive you home, Hargrove." Steve pulls him firmly down over his thighs. He digs his fingers into the denim covering his waist pointedly.

Hargrove regards him with an almost pensive look, tongue running over the split in his lip. Then, he climbs off Steve's lap, into the passenger seat, propping one of his boots up on the dashboard like an asshole.

Steve smiles, pleased with himself. He slides his seat closer to the wheel and turns the key, listening to the engine turn over.

Hargrove lights a smoke as they pull out of the quarry, blowing soft whisps through his teeth. It gives the sweaty haze inside the Beamer a bittersweet taste on Steve's tongue.

"*Don't you need me
Oh baby boy?
'Cause I'm so happy
Without your noise*"

-Season 2, Episode 3

Author's Note:

i duno,,, just an excuse to write porn

thanks for reading! drop me a comment, let me know what you think, if i missed a tag or made an error :))